THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1788.

Choice Poetry.

GOING HOME.

BY FRANCES BROWN

We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few,
For low was our fortune's level,
And heavy the winters grew;
But one who had no possession,
Looked up to the azure dome,
And said in his simple fashion,
"Dear friends, we are going home!

"This world is the same dull market
That wearied its earliest sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
But so hath been many an age.
And rich grow the toiling nations,
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations
Roll onward the laden years.

"What need of the changeless story
Which time hath so often told,
The spectre that follows glory,
The canker that comes with gold—
That wisdom, and strength, and honor,
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And death is the only winner?
But, friends, we are going home!

"The homes we had hoped to rest in
Were open to sin and strife,
The dreams that our youth was blessed in
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
As well as the palace hearth,
And birthrights are sold for pottage,
But never redeemed on earth.

"The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we feared to-morrow,
And ever we blamed to-day;
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the high heart clomb,
Have trouble and toil abounded—
But, friends, we are going home!

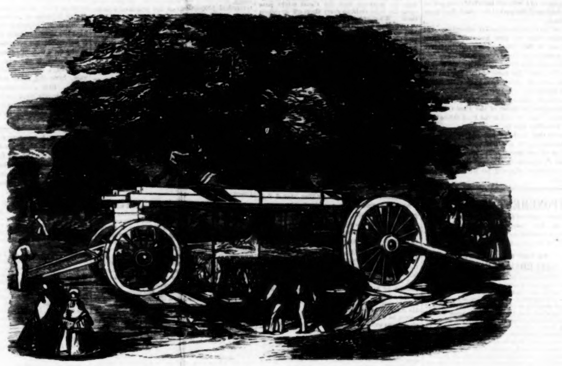
"Our faith was the bravest builder,
But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the fairest gilder,
But lavished its wealth on dust;
And time hath the fabric shaken,
And fortune the clay hath shown,
For much they have changed and taken,
But nothing that was our own.

"The light that to us made lower
The path which so many choose,
The gifts there was found no place for,
The riches we could not use,
The heart that when life was wintry,
Found summer in strain and tone,
With these to our kin and country—
Dear friends, we are going home."

Pictures of Life.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Our Picture Gallery.



NEW MODE OF TRANSPLANTING TREES.

On Saturday afternoon, [says a recent number of the London Illustrated News,] the members of the Council and the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society were invited by their indefatigable Secretary, Mr. J. C. Sowerby, to witness the transplantation of some trees in their Garden in the Regent's Park, by the agency of Baron's machine; the main object being to carry as much of the root as possible.

This machine is a kind of timber-carriage. Four large wheels support two trussed timbers, or bearers, between which the tree is lifted by a screw and chains, and carried away upright. The operation commences by marking out a square of the size intended to be lifted; the earth is then dug away in a circle round this space, to a sufficient depth to enable the workmen to cut a tunnel under the tree, below the great mass of its roots; other roots that may be met with are preserved and tied back as far as may be convenient. The tunnel being cut, a set of planks is laid in it, extending a little beyond the openings; and across each of its projecting ends is placed a strong plank, which is forced under the side of the mass, partly cut away to receive it; another plank is forced into each of the other sides, so as to form a square frame to support the whole weight. These planks are stopped in close to the soil by mats, to prevent the earth from being loosened. More or less of the earth is now cut away beneath the frame, according to the nature of the soil, or the number of descending roots. The ball, as it is called, although it is square, being ready, chains are fixed round the ends of the central planks, and the hole partly filled in; one pair of the wheels of the carriage is then placed on each side on thick planks to prevent their sinking into the loose earth, and at such a distance apart that they may receive the two bearers, and be joined together with the tree between the bearers. The chains attached to the frame of planks are alternately hooked on to a screw supported by the bearers, and by turning the screw the mass is lifted. Other chains are so fixed as to support the weight, while the screw is shifted from one end to the other; and, to steady the tree, side ropes are also held by men to keep the whole upright. While the tree is being raised, the hole is filled up level, and planks are laid across for the wheels to travel over. A team of horses is yoked to the machine, and these transport the tree to the site. The hole for the reception of the tree is dug with two sides shelving to the middle for the passage of the wheels, and a trench along it, to receive the middle planks of the frame, and to give room for removing them when the tree is lowered into its place. Care is taken to prevent the wind from moving the tree, and water is given as it may be required.

During the operation on Saturday, in consequence of a large number of strong but not very thick roots, which descended into the stiff clay almost perpendicularly, not having been cut, it was found impossible to lift an ash tree which it was proposed to transplant; but these roots having been dug out, the tree was, on Monday, carried to its destined locality, and dropped into the hole prepared for it, by the aid of twelve horses, without the slightest check. The mass of earth moved is nine feet six inches by nine feet, two feet thick at the sides, and about three feet six inches thick in the middle; weighing upwards of ten tons, besides the tree and carriage, some four or five tons more.

THE WALLACHIANS.

BY A ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

Selected Sketch.

THE ENGLISH CABINET: A CABINET MINISTER.

These terms are familiar to the political reader, and their meaning is pretty well understood now-a-days. Their origin, however, is not so well understood; and, as these terms are connected with, or rather have sprung out of, or cabinet council, as being formed or constituted by the assemblage of the persons, or certain of them, who hold the offices of the ministry, as though it were his appointment as minister that made an individual a member of a cabinet. But the original understanding was in all probability different. In France, at least, it was the nomination of an individual by the king as a member of the cabinet, or council of foreign affairs, that made him a *ministre d'etat*, or minister of state. A minister meant, constitutionally, a member of the cabinet.

Here, however, it can hardly be said that (*Premier Ministre*) as well as the term *Cabinet*. A principal minister, it is true, who has sometimes been sole minister, has existed in every period of the history of the monarchy; but the Prime Minister is merely the member of the cabinet possessing the chief confidence of the crown, or whom the sovereign has chosen to entrust with the principal direction of affairs. But this is a matter of understanding, and nothing more; there is no express appointment of any member of the ministry as Prime Minister. And the distinction is attached to the person, not to any particular office.

WHERE, OH POLAND, ARE THY LANCES?

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Selected Articles.

FRANCISCO DE LA VEGA, THE MAN-FISH.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

WEEKLY EDITION, BETWEEN 80,000 AND 90,000.

THE Saturday Evening Post, from the circumstances of the Post, feels it to be grounded, that there can be no question of its claim to the support of the public, as it has now been established upwards of THIRTY-FOUR YEARS. Three object always has been, as it remains to be, to establish a weekly paper for the fireside, which shall not only amuse, but also instruct and improve, those who may read it. To arrange, with this object, the best articles are selected or originated from foreign and domestic sources, and the original articles of an instructive character prepared, when possible.

Letters from Foreign Lands; the most interesting portions of the Weekly News of the World; Sketches of Life, Adventures and Character; historical and Original Incidents when appropriate; Accounts of the Produce and Stock Markets; and a Book Note List are included among the usual information to be conveyed from all the Post.

But the most important is what is not heretofore with strength in the numerous and lovely, the intelligent and refined, classes. Home literature is the great want of the country, and the Saturday Evening Post, in consequence, the intellect becomes narrow and one-sided, and is not able to take an enlarged and generous view of human nature and its destiny. To satisfy these demands, the highest exertions of our mental being, we devote a fair proportion of the Post to FICTION, POETRY and HUMOR.

Among our contributors in the first rate of the above departments are several of the most gifted writers in the land. We name those firmly for Fiction and Poetry upon the best periodicals in this country and Great Britain. We design commencing a New Story by Mrs. Sigourney, author of "The Deserted Wife," "Miriam," &c., in our first paper for January next.

ENGRAVINGS, illustrative of important places and scenery, of Agricultural and other new inventions, with objects of a fashionable nature, from colored plates, are also freely given.

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☞ *SAMPLE NUMBERS and grain to any one, when requested.*

☞ We cannot a few Numbers of the Post from its Exchanges.

This is one of the few large papers filled with life and thought, instead of lumbering trash. Its management is marked by liberality, enterprise, ability and taste. It employs the best literary talent, and reports no pains or expense in its columns. A family paper, and a very good political intelligencer, we cordially commend it.—*Cooper's Final Advocate, N. Y.*

In another column is an advertisement of the Saturday Evening Post. Our readers may refer to it. That Beaux and Belles will be so good as there word. In fact as we can judge by years of observation, these publishers do rather more than they promise, and therefore get to be edited with very marked ability. It is magnificently free from silly sentimentalism and blamer, but is of a healthful tone on all subjects, always moderate in language, but always mildly advocating the right. We had it one of the most genuinely attractive papers in our exchange.—*Saturday Visitor, Pittsburg, Pa.*

It is emphatically one of the very best literary newspapers in the whole country, and deserves the unqualified success with which it has met under its present enlightened and liberal proprietorship. The greater the circulation in this State, the rise, probably, in the gain proportionally; yet we must pronounce it a most excellent journal and worthy of the patronage of every family. The contributors to the Post are among the most accurate in the country, and the publishers are always characterized by truth and in it.—*Jersey Blue Card, N. J.*

We regard it as the best of the Philadelphia literary papers. Its editorials are written with ability, and take a comprehensive view of whatever is discussed.—*Erie Intelligencer, Pa.*

The editorial department is conducted with ability and skill, and the news department, for a weekly paper is exceedingly full and complete. All things considered in the Post is not surpassed.—*Columbia Spectator.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (including our terms,) for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1852.

Gentlemen:—I am, as you know, a Jersey-man just come to Illinois to seek my fortune, which, by-the-by, I haven't done yet, but which, I believe, may be easily found in this country, if properly sought for. This North-Western territory is, truly, a great country, and Chicago is its city. The rush of business in this city is perfectly astonishing to one accustomed to the dull and steady routine of commercial interest in Jersey, or even in Philadelphia. The rapid rise in the value of real estate here is surprising; but not more so than the increase of business generally, both of which are formed owing principally by the immense increase of agricultural productions in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Lake Superior Region. Every man who "takes up" a farm land in the North-West and goes to farming, contributes to the prosperity of Chicago; and every man who opens a store in any of the cities, towns or villages of the same region, adds to the already long list of Chicago's customers. Thousands upon thousands are almost daily pouring into this North-Western country; and thus adding to their own wealth, the wealth of the country in general, and the wealth of Chicago in particular—for all, or nearly all, of the immense mass of grain raised in the vast region named, comes to Chicago, where it is transhipped to the Eastern cities and to Europe, and where the profits on its sale go to swell the wealth of the city; while the more than ten thousand "country merchants" of the North-West come here to purchase their goods, the profits on the sale of which also help to enrich this place and its people. Chicago's rapid rise and progress, its present immense and evidently increasing business and prosperity, may be regarded as a true index to the general prosperity of the country West and North-West of it. And as the whole of this should come here and notice the immense amount of grain daily coming in and going East and or Chicago, and the immense number selling and buying at the depots, and the carts in the street going loaded with merchandize to the different Railroad depots; and after seeing all this he would be prepared to form something like an adequate idea of the products and prosperity of the place. I am not prepared with statistics at hand, to show the amount of grain received, or of merchandize sold in Chicago; and if I were, few if any of your readers, unfamiliar with things in the West, would believe my figures, (though it is often said that "figures won't lie.") Some of these days, however, I will make up a carefull and accurate table of the commerce of Chicago, which, with your permission, I will circulate throughout the country, for the edification of outsiders, even at the risk of my reputation for veracity.

The Illinois State Agricultural Fair came off here during this week, and was on a scale corresponding with the general tone of the Western people—broad, big and bountiful. The specimens of cattle surpassed any that I ever saw in the East; the vegetables were remarkable for the specimens of grains and grasses were such as only the rich prairie soil of Illinois can produce; but the fruits and vegetables exceeded everything on exhibition. Such apples! Some of them weighed thirty pounds! Such of the pears, plums, peaches, quinces, &c., were of equally astonishing magnitude. But the excellent roots "out-topped" the products of the trees. Such potatoes (both sweet and Irish;) and such carrots, turnips, beets, onions! and such beets! The men who pulled them must have thought they were drawing *small hogs* out of the ground! Instead of making how many of them it would take to make a bushel, you should rather ask how many bushels one would make! Then there were squashes, and "some pumpkins!" 180 yes know that they have got to raising a species of squash so big as a dinner-pot, and resembling the mammoth pumpkin! They are called the mammoth squash, and are said to be delicious, boiled like other squashes, or for pies; besides being a good substitute for sweet potatoes, when roasted in the ashes. But the mammoth pumpkin or squash on exhibition formed a feature of interest. The home-Western portion of this exercise will, ere very long, astonish our Eastern friends neighbors, in the raising of grapes and the production of wines. We have in the United States, millions and millions of acres of the best grape-growing lands, and vineyards are springing up in many quarters of the West, on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. The specimens on exhibition were very fine. The display of agricultural implements, transferred here in like state, was highly creditable. The commerce and steam and sail navigation of the Lake needs no comment, and the people here make them-selves heard, felt and respected—as weight as a well dollar," making the pinoche look, indeed, as though a whole host of warriors had beaten their swords into plough-shares. An establishment at Naperville sent some excellent specimens of this kind of ploughs to the exhibition. Every department of mechanics in destry was well represented, and the evidences of taste and skill in this line, was far beyond what I had expected to see in a country so new. The carriages and coaches exhibited were quite equal to Watson's or Dunlap's best; and the cabinet ware was superb.

The great feature of the Fair, however, was the stock and the vegetable products of the State. One not familiar with the nature of Illinois soil, can form no idea of its great fertility, fruitfulness, or of the immense size of the fruits and vegetables. Think of a man's having a field of a thousand or fifteen hundred acres of wheat—and such wheat as they raise on these prairies—averaging fifty bushels per acre, and of other things in proportion." Doesn't this furnish something like an idea of a "land of cream and honey?" Every one lands in Illinois, who has any money minor noblemen on the prairies, who have made the proposal of "Take the noble men "we read about." fact my letter is getting too long, though there are many things of interest, perhaps, to be told of the West, which I have not alluded to. I may, at some future time, write you again, when I have more definite notes of the West, and to make a more interesting letter.

Yours, &c. C. N. F.

Clippings.

ALSO: what a thing is poesy
Among the fallen on evil days;
'Tis light and life and song and cheer
And innocent mirth, in frozen ways
Of wedding vanities and empty joys,
And worse than all, that tainted elves
Lurk round the hearth of high and low,
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
Sparkle like morning dew.

☞ The word "launch" is incorporated into the French language since it was daily read in the court rhetoric of Louis Philippe, and means "launch" at twelve o'clock. At first the French people read it "punch," that being supposed to be a daily beverage of the English. The mistake was not unlike that made by an Irish person read it "punch," that being supposed to be a daily beverage of the English. The mistake was not unlike that made by an Irish person lated in London, where the late Emperor Nicholas was there, and who relieved the true "Green grow the Rushes," as the most proper and most likely to please his Majesty, since he was known to be the Emperor of all the Russias.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The more cheques a speckled it receives the better it grows.

☞ "Fudge."—Under this head, Otho pergers nor place nurseries notices. We clip the following from the Boston Post, which copies it from the Hartford Times:

"Fudge—Mr. H. Van Slyck, with Miss Mary Abbott, both of this town.

☞ Marks of Distinction.—When a man is a little above the level of his set, he may be lodged upon as a great man; and he must be a great man to be regarded as a clever nonentian. From the fact of his considerable property after the age of

☞ Monkey Wrench Light Exercise.—Delicate bowel cleaning is not long sent penal—can be running over a dirty crossing: "Good gracious! I hope to goodness no lady will see my snakes!"

☞ A lament about a corpse is going on in Redfield. An undertaker refuses to bury a body until the funeral expenses are paid: and so, instead of pacing the hill, the dead man's friends stayed to the house.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Wilson, to set this splendid field of potatoes so seriously discussed," and a sympathizing inspector. "Aye, well, it's a' very fine to look at the Americans are wearing "paper shirt-collars, which a New York paper says are taken off at the rate of a thousand an hour." The invention is in keeping with the "Go Ahead" nation. What is next? Paper legs to an advanced stage of rapidity?—*Inverness Courier.*

☞ "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously discussed," and a sympathizing inspector. "Aye, well, it's a' very fine to look at the Americans are wearing "paper shirt-collars, which a New York paper says are taken off at the rate of a thousand an hour." The invention is in keeping with the "Go Ahead" nation. What is next? Paper legs to an advanced stage of rapidity?—*Inverness Courier.*

☞ Jenkins says that the "drift" of a ship's log is not always the same as the other night, was lighter than any more bank he ever saw.

☞ A Poetical Taking.—An advertising tailor named Peter Pindar, established an almanac, the literary portion of which is amusing, especially the poetical headings of the months. We subjoin a specimen for May:

In the merry month of May
Crossed, the little maid to play
In sugar sometime there would be
Sweet for you and sweet for me.

☞ A traveller in Cincinnati gave his valet a five dollar bill to carry. "As my little friend, he writes, "I was talking in advance, I noticed something white sticking out. 'My son,' said I, 'what is your handkerchief, and tell me your name.' With great modesty, he replied: 'It is Mr. Jones's shirt, sir;' and, on reflection, I hardly think it was."

☞ A paper dealer bearing a remarkable resemblance to Napoleon spoked of the "drift" of nothing—for he himself had reims of double-ply paper hanging in his warehouse.

☞ Young America thought the way of expressing his ideas. A friend of ours has a promising three year old. Upon whom get grandmother was endeavoring to impress orderly duty. The question was, "Who gives you your daily bread?" The reply was, "Grandma: but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on it."

☞ To cure deafness, tell a man you're come to pay him money. It heals acoustic oil all better.

☞ Why would ladies make better traders and peddlers than men? Because they never get sheared.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

ALL THE CONTRIBUTORS OF THE POST ARE REQUESTED TO SEND THEIR ARTICLES EARLY, IF TO-DAY A MORE DEPOSITORY OF THE MAILS FAILS.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, $1, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For 50, or whatever, can copy it sometimes years. We compute the following list, for an Club, to each send in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - $5.00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 10.00
13 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 15.00
20 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 20.00

Postage, according to Act of Congress, South America must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the above rates. Hereafter we have to prepay the United States postage.

Agents for China.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add any names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to run to the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the intelligent people of each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will hereafter be supplied by Booksellers and News agents out of the State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

Letters addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it changed *to*.

We trust that each of our old friends, the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take an interest in the Post, will please hand this to some one Prospectus to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to raise Clubs, &c.

POSTPONEMENT OF "VIVIA."

We have received the following communication.

Mrs. Southworth—announces her inability to furnish us with the manuscripts of "Vivia" at the present time:

TO THE READERS OF
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This is the first time, in the six years of our pleasant relations as editor and readers, that I have failed to redeem upon the promised week of the appointed time. And I am sure it is my need, and the fault of no one but myself, that the present necessity of offering an apology. Instead of sending you the first chapter of "Vivia," I send you none. It would seem sufficient to say that "I was sick and could not work." But I am unwilling to be excused for indifference; something more is required of me than to give you a reason for the non-appearance of the case—and, indeed, I have no unwillingness to make a full confession of my fault. I have been guilty of procrastination. I have been guilty of the strong enough to postpone an engagement to you for the sake of a pleasure, or the performance of a duty, social, lucky, or estate, no pleasure, however inviting to me now in my need, and no duty, however urgent, has my prophet word to put. In a brief retrospect, I find since the time of my last letter to you, that the disadvantages an author's work sometimes goes to, have been encountered by me. I have had my share, as all my books have been, from week to week, to write under circumstances that have prevented the calm reflection and keeping home. The at least unbroken leisure that is necessary to the production of a work of art. At the same time one of my own children was rendered helpless by a severe illness, which has confined her to her bed for more than two months. My salary from the school was but two hundred dollars a year, and my support of myself and child, I suppose, it was absolutely necessary to the mastering of my profession, that I should write. I have been compelled to write under circumstances that have prevented the proper concentration of my powers upon the work in hand. Some of my stories have been written in the intervals between the lessons of my pupils, and the whole of the great source of Life gave me vitality enough to do and to suffer, but not enough to write. I have been cut off from the home-kindness, the nursing, and the comfort, all of which are necessary to the healthful performance of their chapter. The career portions of the "Deserted Wife" were written under similar disadvantages and circumstances.

And from my work was not doubted to be all were excessively dishonored had the conduct of my life been other than it has been. I have been true to my character—with little other benefit than bodily fatigue, and the consciousness of having done my duty, I have been able to continue the stories.

I have written the "Fatal Secret," which will be out with book, on night from next week, begun to write "Vivia," and have completed the first chapter. I intend to write under circumstances that have proved favorable to me.

When the next week. The Children of the Isle, which will be out with book, on night from next week, begun to write "Vivia," and have completed the first chapter. I intend to write under circumstances that have proved favorable to me.

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THE COMING YEAR.

As the time is now at hand when clubs are usually commenced for the new year, we call attention to our Prospectus. We have not used high terms in setting forth our claims upon public patronage, as we take it for granted that the character of the Post is pretty generally known, and that where it is not known, a copy of the paper will be requested as a sample. Our object will be in the coming year to improve on what it has been—with the exception perhaps, of a somewhat greater space being allowed in each number for miscellaneous reading. What we give, we shall endeavor to have of the best quality—even at the risk of its being somewhat less in quantity. With this exception, we purpose to follow in our old and beaten track. Our object is to have all the intelligent people of each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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THE WILLIAMSON CASE.

This case was again brought before the District Court last week, but, like many others, failed to be decided. In the decision of Judge Kane upon the petition of Jane Johnson, the following sentence occurs:—

"The writ required him (Williamson) to produce the negroes. But Lord Coutt might have upon his legal right to carry them off or detain them. This was a question which, in proper proceedings, or how they might be determined, was not for the Court to decide. Their duty, then, was plain and clear, to bring in the bodies; *and if they had been produced, they would have been discharged upon affirmation, as far as to leave, what had become of them.*"

Mr. Williamson therefore through his counsel, offered a petition containing certain statements, which, if proved, would show that Mr. Williamson's last use the woman, Jane Johnson, and her children, was not to carry them off, but to comply with the command of the writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Kane. That writ, when served upon him, was also in the petition a protest, respectfully and earnestly against the jurisdiction of the Court in the premises.

Judge Kane, to whom a copy of the petition was handed, said that it contained "nothing new," but he did not find that it contained either a purgation of contempt, or the expression of a wish to do so. Williamson's petition was "not a purgation." He stated, however, that he was ready to "purge" on the ground stated.

Mr. Meredith said he hoped that this would have been unnecessary. In the present case, Williamson considered that he had done all that fell compliance with the writ of the Court. He had produced the bodies of the persons named in the writ. If, however, those persons were held guilty of contempt in having left the city, he was ready to purge himself of that charge. He referred to a case in Id. Mason, where, he said, the Court had given an opinion which was clearly an evasion shown on the face of the record.

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Postage.—The postage on the Post is $2, if paid in advance—$4, if not paid in advance. For 50, or whatever, can copy it sometimes years. We compute the following list, for an Club, to each send in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - $5.00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 10.00
13 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 15.00
20 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club.) - 20.00

Postage, according to Act of Congress, South America must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the above rates. Hereafter we have to prepay the United States postage.

Agents for China.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add any names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to run to the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the intelligent people of each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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And from my work was not doubted to be all were excessively dishonored had the conduct of my life been other than it has been. I have been true to my character—with little other benefit than bodily fatigue, and the consciousness of having done my duty, I have been able to continue the stories.

I have written the "Fatal Secret," which will be out with book, on night from next week, begun to write "Vivia," and have completed the first chapter. I intend to write under circumstances that have proved favorable to me.

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THE WILLIAMSON CASE.

This case was again brought before the District Court last week, but, like many others, failed to be decided. In the decision of Judge Kane upon the petition of Jane Johnson, the following sentence occurs:—

"The writ required him (Williamson) to produce the negroes. But Lord Coutt might have upon his legal right to carry them off or detain them. This was a question which, in proper proceedings, or how they might be determined, was not for the Court to decide. Their duty, then, was plain and clear, to bring in the bodies; *and if they had been produced, they would have been discharged upon affirmation, as far as to leave, what had become of them.*"

Mr. Williamson therefore through his counsel, offered a petition containing certain statements, which, if proved, would show that Mr. Williamson's last use the woman, Jane Johnson, and her children, was not to carry them off, but to comply with the command of the writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Kane. That writ, when served upon him, was also in the petition a protest, respectfully and earnestly against the jurisdiction of the Court in the premises.

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THE COMING YEAR.

As the time is now at hand when clubs are usually commenced for the new year, we call attention to our Prospectus. We have not used high terms in setting forth our claims upon public patronage, as we take it for granted that the character of the Post is pretty generally known, and that where it is not known, a copy of the paper will be requested as a sample. Our object will be in the coming year to improve on what it has been—with the exception perhaps, of a somewhat greater space being allowed in each number for miscellaneous reading. What we give, we shall endeavor to have of the best quality—even at the risk of its being somewhat less in quantity. With this exception, we purpose to follow in our old and beaten track. Our object is to have all the intelligent people of each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE STEAM TRANSATLANTIC WITH WORKMEN.—THE TURKS IN GREAT STRAITS AT [illegible]

The steamship Africa from Liverpool at noon on the 12th ult.

Liverpool Cotton Market.—Thursday, the 10th of October, the Weekly Board Day of the Bank of England. A pronounced advance of ¼d. on Orleans, and a change was made in the rate of discount.

Meeting of the creditors of Dr Lisle & Co., of Leeds, held, and the statement of affairs was very satisfactory.

The Emperor and Empress officially visit the Empress has entered the fifth month of pregnancy.

Alliance between France Napoleon and the Sultan Grand Vizier, it is said to the correspondent, is rumored in political circles.

Turkey.—It is announced in one of the papers that the Danish Government has given up all the maritime powers, including the Sound, to the Russian Government, which, in November, to settle the question of closing the Dardanelles to foreign fleets, the re-capitulation and redemption of the Sound dues.

Spain.—The Ministry have resigned, owing to the resistance of the Regent, in refusing to any intercourse with General Kalergi, and to dismiss the Ayuntamiento of the capitals, and a new Ministry has been formed.

War.—But little has occurred at the seat of war beyond the fact that the Russians are assembling Pontkop, and that their advance on the Danube is expected.

Austrian troops were being concentrated on the Turkish frontier, and the movement was to be followed by the allied fleet, which was before the straits.

Sweden.—The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Simpson, in his last despatch, dated Stockholm, September 4, declares that the reports were employed daily in making a road backbone to the coast of Finland, and that no laws, were engaged in preparing the fortifications of Aland, and in providing shelter for the troops, ere bad weather set in.

Russian fire from the batteries on the south side caused considerable damage, but little injury, but has not prevented the work being carried on. The splendors of a land attack—the barrels—on officer and nineteen men.

General Simpson reports a trifling engagement in which the 17th Division of the Chasseurs took the Cossacks near Kertch.

Greece.—The accounts from Greece represent there gave credence to the rumor that the Turks had concentrated a force in Albania, and the negotiations are likely to be continued.

Hostile advance of the 19th ult. that the war of War was still going every exertion to bring the campaign to a close.

Letter from Sebastopol, in the Frankfort Journal, states that the number of Russians be raised without difficulty as the Russian troops from in every part, but one, and had all to lose to the bulb, so that the water can penetrate more readily.

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Admiral Penaud, describing the expedition to the Gulf of Bothnia, by one French and two English vessels, says that the Russian vessels enclosed off Bomarsund, and the Russian vessels, making the passage of eight other vessels, making the passage of the Gulf.

Russia.—The Emperor has received from Prince Gortschakoff, dated Oct. 3, from the Danube, announcing that the Russians had driven Eupatoria, threatening Kalafat, but had been repulsed with the loss of the Russian left bank. Sixteen pieces of the Russians were taken in the action.

Armament.—Mr Algiers has had but took the Counsels near Kertch.

Journal of Frankfort, where it was reported that it is most interesting to the Russian Admiral Dundas, who has the Russian fleet, has been reported that the Russian fleet, has been reported that the Russian fleet, has been reported that

Selected Poetry.

LABOR.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

[illegible]

There is no talisman splendid
In fact fairy, or poet, or fable,
Bright'ning the dull commonplace of life into precious romance,
Like honest, manly labor.

Love is a word—sweet a woman
Loves whenever and more honest,
Wild she be, whether her mind or her beauty shall most interest
Or each weary soul—
She will seem another creature—
Changed in heart and hope and feature,
When the cause of her love is a man who is doing the drudgeries of the earth.

Lapped in bright and gorgeous dreaming,
With romance's rose-ways gleaming,
Yet she makes a gentle effort to explain from its poems
Conscious of a splutter of being
Just beyond her limited seeing,
Lifts a few of seeming distortion in a yet supposed beauty.

And she looks with childish wonder
Towards the misty realms that hover near her;
Where are more and nobler and diverser—but far lesser—
And loud and tinkling—
The harvests of the world.
Like a young bird misty hearing
Notes from its mother-plumes, the rude calling of the air-tides.

Time will be no painful pendulum—
Sound and swift he will bear it,
Hopes and fears will all be banished—joy and grief will try their power;
But the immortal leader
Bidding her have wide expansion,
Will depart as does a wind that sighs across the sea.

As a woman she is found,
She will be adored and loved,
Know all depths of joy and sorrow—glad days and sad ones—
Glowing visions;
And her path, that now lies glowing,
Through grave mists, in the gathering twilight fades from view.

What will matter though dark places enter the passage
to new walk hour
As the "evil days" are nearing,
When, her dew-dressed vision clearing,
She will wake to sweets the absence of this darkness
will not know;
And her spirit hardened training,
By its toughened power sustaining,
Fit for truer, higher and grandeurs of the morning, keep
her upright.

Ah, that woman's gladdest laughter
Has a somewhat sobby after!
Ah, that tone should now wild divorced 'mid her heart's
sweetest gurgling!
Ah, that wealth and pride and power
Should exalt her form by dower,
That earth's smiling dust should gather on her spirit's
wavy fringe!

Dear article, oh, dawning maiden!
Coming time with change is laden—
Longer yet upon the earth must thy life be remembered do
not;
Ever as years unwind their circuit,
Though they bring their added blessings,
They will take from thee a freshness that will never come
again.

—*Portland Transcript.*

Selected Articles.

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

Walk carefully through Pompeii and find out much of a chimney!—no such thing exists—and yet the whole city is there, and there is the leaf for home: the formation of the oven is just the same as is used now, but the smoke escaped differently. You see ovens without, but there is not a chimney. You have pompeii of coal left in the windows for the sun, nothing, and yet how were the splendid feasts prepared, of which the modern alchemists might envy Lucullus?

A grave, astute kind of philosophic mechanic of the pastil-de-duty mortar. Luther lost two heroines, decided that the dancers were all cold and I presume they were not all raw; besides, the kitchens are much improved, as I found, in Sallust's house, in the learned man's regular suite o-range; the flowers were missing, but formerly adorned the terrace, but down the aperture in which formerly the table was fixed, I carefully placed my candle between four and after another two thousand years, and after another eruption, those may puzzle the antiquarian.

It is not permitted to eat, even, when walking by the street of Pompeii, and therefore neither are you allowed to ride a mule through this desolation without permission; with that you may select your house of accommodation. Sallust's, Diomede's, or where vice was rampant, as may be proved by obscenities: or you may run the chance of locating your neck from the lacerous grasp in which the name of the animal may walk. The reason for the sorcery and incantations among them the deprayed end of destruction practiced most frequently by the English and Americans than by any other class of people. It was a common practice, but guides informed me, (for I visited Pompeii many and many a time,) that more than all in the different houses, in different rooms—and invariably some painting disappeared, or some wall was injured: it would be well if some such orders were given that none but those having permission could get in the streets of houses. I have seen a family obliged to go outside the walls, before they were allowed to demolish even a biscuit.

If any dilapidation does occur, the government knows where to look for the offender, especially if he happen to eat where the mischief was created. That foolish plan of breaking off a piece of stucco-lava, or anything else found there, still exists, and I wish I could conscientiously say that my name was entirely innocent; I was shown a whole and most extensive figure stolen from the walls of the bathe ' and, said the ancient possessor, "if I could only prove that this came from where it did come, I could get fifty pounds for it immediately." The guides are constantly on the alert, and there are soldiers to watch the guides, but with all their surveillance, many a thing, gift-cold gets are always the most curious, and consequently the most mendacious—sometimes to pocket a treasure."

The Romans of former days never could have come out in dinner in their carriages: there is no street in Pompeii where two carriages or carts could have passed, but the wear of the pavement proves that things on wheels did pass. They must have been of peculiar construction to have passed from one street to the other, for the streets are at right angles, and at every angle there is a huge stone, which must have been lodge for the pedestrian, and it you carefully examine these bridges, you will see that it was not possible for two carriages, the size of a lamp-on two wheels, to have passed; and you will be much puzzled to find out how any cart-stage turned the corners: there is no vehicle in the museums to clear up the difficulty.

Standing in this abode of silence and desolation, in comparison with which a narrow street in any metropolis of our own is a scene of animation, there comes over the mind a certain melancholy which even the strangeness of the scene cannot subdue. The ruined temples, shops, lowlow buildings, even pavement worn by human and animal feet, all tend in a word to the awe, not a voice to be heard; there is not an audible desolate stillness, that the mind retires into itself, and a gloomy feeling of awe overpowers it. The streets are the same: there is nothing to change the current of the thoughts—it is all desolation. The water which bubbled in the fountains for long years is dried up, and where the inquisitive eye may brighten at a new account, or a stranger sign, to intimate the once forbidden calling of the house, the animation of the moment is soon stilled by the monotony and the quiet.

Nobody can describe Pompeii, not even Grid; and it is better to enjoy it, on Dumas' fine dame, by an imaginary fable, than entirely to attempt its description. The language would take the hue and character of the place, and the reader would, on awakening, thank his stars that sleep could be procured without opium; but while there, I felt the more horrible who passes it by unseen, or with the modern eagerness to be home—a night, hour or fifteen of the quiet of this once great city, in order to catch the first train from Castellamare, or save the noisy from losing cash. To a reflective mind, the scene is great and awful; to the fe-volence, it is dull and monotonous. To the artist it is the mode of grandeur and splendor; to the fool, it is but a pack of old walls and rubbish, and to the man who is neither one nor the other of the above, it is a strange proof that, after so long a interval of time, so little has been improved. Nay, it is better Naples now even in its fruitless, for almost all the streets of Pompeii have been completed; whereas in Naples, although the pavement there is without a rival in the world, the foot passenger will find no security, but in the Toledo, the Strada St. Brigida, and Strada St. Giacomo, all the rest, even the splendid Chiaja, although a road is made for those who ride, independent of the carriage road, there is no trottoir for those who walk.

Every year, view or food, quality of simplicity, and to the Forum of Pompeii, for here they are better brought before the eyes than at Rome. They were giants in those days; but after the great of their literature and amphitheatre, and the immensity of their proportions, the smallness of the houses, the narrowness of the streets, and the inconvenience of the dwellings, the traveller is perplexed which most to admire or despise.

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"I wonder, Ginny, what being kissed by one of those horrid creatures with a mustache is like! Suppose I try the bet-brush."

Wit and Humor.

TEMPERANCE TIMES IN THE OARS.

Some six months ago, a councilman who has been delighted and famous with his representation of "Tootsby," "Causey," and the remarkably "Sweet" one whose name is "Ann," thereated forth the doleful ballad of "Tiffin" and his Dinah," took the ears one morning from Boston to Lowell, passing through the Lowell connection and his pet dog. Our friend possessed a fine setter in this favor was one of the handsomest and almost unknown class who have a high opinion of their own talents, and make laudable demands for salaries. After they had become comfortably seated in the car, they found themselves confronted by a passenger who had evidently a stranger in this part of the country, and who exhibited unmistakable signs of intoxication. After taking his seat he entered at once into familiar conversation, making all sorts of remarks to the disgust of passengers. In a few moments the train moved slowly, out of the depot, and was soon dashing away towards Spindle City. One or two small stations were passed and the engine stopped at West Medford.

"What place is this?" inquired the tipsy individual.

"This," answered the ponderous rotundity, "is Temperanceville."

"Temperanceville be, why that is a curious kind of name."

"Yes, sir, the nature of all the places on this road were changed by an act of the Legislature last winter."

Very few the ears, and in a few moments brought up with a quick jerk at Woburn.

"Well, what's this?" said the strange per, as he looked out of the window.

"This," answered Jim, as he gave a nip that set over his left eye and squinted terribly, "is Temperanceoffery."

"This is Temperance with a burp, and the other was Temperance with a rille. All right. A villainous looking place for a break-down, by Jee, whoa, what is that?" dark, pointed looking place ahead?"

"That, sir, is Jack cut under the bridge to let the cars go through?"

"Jack-cut!"

"Jack-cut is a very nice arrangement and saves going round."

The next stopping place was Wasington, where many country roads intersect, and a large number of passengers usually enter the cars.

"Oh! cross there temperance names. They make one perfectly disgusted!" and the tipsy one grunted and growled and muttered and swore at Billerica, which place the oily gentleman informed him was "Temperance Paradise!"

This was changes his mode, and the stranger fell back with a gloomy scowl, and sat in sternness the whole length of Billerica Hill.

"Well, what cold o-ster hole is this we've got into now?" he asked, as he looked at the water and the rocks.

"This, sir, is Temperance Long Pond!"

"Temperance Long Pond!"

The bewildered individual started to his feet and rushed towards the door, declaring that he wouldn't be imposed upon. He would jump further in a train of cars that ought to have an engine and a rudder, and go by water mostly. The whole thing made him seasick!

He was interrupted by the conductor, who listened to him in the manner in which he had been boasted, and a good natured smile came over his countenance as he told Jim and Paul that he could be square in a few minutes, and the affair was "smiled" over at the Captain's, in Lowell, shortly after.

LIFE IN BRAZIL.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Para, Brazil, gives an account of the killing of six supposed American citizens, on the Amazon. Of the advantages of emigration to Brazil, he says:—

It would seem that our countrymen in the United States had received sufficient warning of the real condition of the Amazon river and all its territory, whether Brazilian, Peruvian, or Ecuadorian, to keep away from it, and persecutions in the safer, happier and more profitable fields of American enterprise. Yet every steamer's fresh arrivals in the city from the Pacific, by way of the Cordilleras, the Andes and Bar, Amazon, which is to that the information concerning this country in the United States is really very scanty, and that it is peculiarly exposed to misrepresentations, so far as it goes, this every American who has ever been in the country seems well satisfied. Within the last two several hundred come into the Amazon valley from the United States, and it is reported that their new and rich homes overflow them, and they are now in the United States, or in the descending regions. Many others have to join up the great tegesta of gold that the commercial Paradise" has left for their hardy years scattered, like cobble-stones, in New England, all over the face of this region and the lands beyond. Here—not as many as escaped starvation, the climate, the fever, and a thousand other evils—have gone to their places to California. They were all cheated in their hopes of finding a better home. They found the Brazilian inimical to them in history, habits, cultural instincts, and the great aims of life. They found it absurd to find civil rights for the black or mulatto races, forbidding to the white man participation in the same. If anything that where the ordinary rewards of labor have a value. The populated districts were very small, and the land, though abundant, was of small saving tribes. Most of the millions of acres of land in the valley of the Amazon are occupied by the monkeys, the alligators and the wild birds. The vast fishes was not only visible, but audible in many places. Schools—Education might in course of time clear a small spot of large forest in some locality, but no lignevine, vine, and the densely matted undergrowth that is bound into thick bosses by endless vines, Pompeii, Pompeiana, north and eat quinine, that this once done and a crop of anything grows, the whole has to be cleared over and over again six months. Then it would take two months more to clear the beads to subside and the lands dry for sowing, by which time the thirsty thorns would have a new and perfectly irresistible growth of underbrush. worse if anything than the first, being as fine as grass and almost as tenacious as wire. The settler could make but little headway in this sort of warfare, and for what incentives! Does this climate offer to the settler a healthy home? Ask the many who has seen North America, that he will straightway from year to year only to find himself in [illegible] Does rabid monkeys, the skulls of horses and *furcadas* exert an equivocal spell over him? Does the glare in midday heat or lignevine insects of every grade known in entomology or to the Coleoptera of the Amazon? or the mosquitoes of the Amazon? or the fevers of the whole civilized world? These, I fancy, are the things that would be strongly urged if I can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shown.

The barber read he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jerusa, solemnly, "do you share with your other trade?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"Then please to answer me," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under an oath or rather, recollect that this is a serious matter. Now, sir, before I shall commence operations: do you never open oysters with your razor?"

No, sir!" exclaimed the barber, lodging himself and a rout of laughter from the by-standers.

"Then 'thank you," said Jerusa, drawing himself back into the chair, and resuming his operations with the air of a man who has undertaken a task of no ordinary difficulty.

A MISTAKEN BOY.—The Hartford Times says that a box of most mysterious aspect, and of dimensions capable of containing the body of a small child, arrived in this city on Saturday, in sufficient time to hide up the morning house, or, indeed, any other time in the line of lodging and bottle, was returned to Wethersfield, a few days ago. It came directed in the following significant manner:

To the Selectmen
of Wethersfield, Connecticut."

After due deliberation, the mysterious box was opened and examined, and lo! the secret! Could the town fathers of Wethersfield believe their eyes? Was it a coffin containing a dead infant? In the box were found, carefully packed, oil, and oil expense and freight expenses paid, the biggest sucker that ever was caught in the sparkes, leaving only a natter arching to the tail, which they found on closer inspection produce a most striking effect.—*Smith's Bridgeport.*

TYPES OF SIGNS DURING THE REIGN OF PUNDARAM.—In looking are the barbarous forms of the Popish belief reveal themselves in the lives of books. Scarce, such as the following ought to produced:

"A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul.

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"The Gun of Providence."

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"The Sword of the Trumpet."

"A Tax to Drive Away Fins."

AN IMPRACTICABLE JUROR.

"I've got a rather good story to tell you, says a correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," about a jury trial, which happened not a hundred miles from Baltimore City Court.

The Court was trying a case of horse stealing, and the prisoner had been a friend of mine, and rode the horse about his ranch, when the "owner" died. The owner wished several gallons for the horse, but his friend thought it rather high to pay seven dollars per mile for riding backback in January. A dispute arose, and the case went to court. The evidence was to the effect that there was no way to get out of paying for the horse.

In the case went to the jury; the Judge retiring that it was free for them to state the amount of money due the plaintiff. They went out, and for forty-eight months hours argued as to what the horse was worth. Eleven of them, however, had soon come to the conclusion that the horse was worth ought to be about $25, as one of the witnesses had remarked that the owner wasn't bigger nor a chirp, and," he thought, "he could not hold him up to a hack horse-car."

The twelfth juror, (who, by the way, was a poor hand at jurist, and a negligent man,) loudly contended, however, that the owner of the horse ought to have $35, which was what he demanded. This so enraged the balance of the jurors that they swore to be revenged as soon as they were discharged. In fact, they determined, that if he, juror No. 12, did not make up his mind that the "d—d beast" was worth only $25, they would, whenever occasion offered, insert him on the head. Still the old skin-flint hung out for $35.

At length the balance of the jury found it best to use or try to attack the old man's mind. There he sat, listening to their oaths and argum-ats. They put "ice bad, and "cuss" was applied to them, but he was proof of escape from their terrible, "hangry" confinement. They got mad, and the old juror smiled like fellow, waxing warm, walked up to No. 12, and remarked:

"Say, can't do! This piece is a sort of heaven to you, you old sinner, while to us it's a hell here."

"Oh! nerve mind swearing, friend," replied the old juror, "only name the cash."

"Let's argue, indeed, you old cuss! You've got the whole of us nearly starved, and, yet you won't budge."

"No swearing in the jury-room, if you please, gentlemen," said the old juror.

"Deliberate! Well, that's good, decidedly so! Will you swar give in? Say 'yes' or I'll be your liver in dangery!"

"No!" responded No. 12.

"Well, then, I'll pitch you out of the window, you contrary, stubborn, infernal old fool!"

Saying which he actually took hold of Mr. No. 12, and began to drag him to the window, the latter becoming dreadfully frightened, cried out:

"Bailiff! bailiff!"

That officer hearing the uproar, immediately entered the room and opened it. But all was quiet in an instant. No. 12 was seared so bad he could not utter a word. The jury was in hilarity as to what was the matter, one pugilistic juror stepped up and said, with a knowing wink:

"Look here, George, We can't agree, and I won't you to do me a favor. I want you to go out to my hat office and get me a hat, and your down beds and bedding for shrimp; also a chair and furnace and a butcher knife! Tell her I may not be home for some days."

"Very well," said George, "the things shall be here in one hour."

Off went the bailiff, click went the lock, and up spoke No. 12:

"I'm bound to name, what do you want?"

"I'll tell you what I mean. We have made up our minds not to leave this room under eight dollars each, and I'm sure you're too sensible something in the fresh line to eat. Sooner than starve to death, we have resolved to do as other persons—starve each other. I'll eat one of your companions! Of course the meanest man in the room."

"But isn't the horse worth $60?"

"And when he's gone we'll take the next meanest—"

"The horse is worth, at least, $50."

"Ah! so we'll take—"

"Isn't the horse worth $40, or $30, or $25?—Come, come, I'll give you $25 for the horse, if you'll agree to that."

"Agreed!" said the juror, and, after a brief consultation, No. 12 became serious and gave in. It was the first time he was ever on a jury, and it will be the last. The jury, however, were all pleased very fast for a few squares, muttering to himself a congratulatory chuckle at the way he had fooled and butter after the rehearsal of the virtues of the "Temperance Paradise!"

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TIT FOR TAT.

An amusing anecdote has of late been going the rounds of the press, and we have waited to see if it would not be contradicted before we published it. It is as follows:

Some time ago, Mr. Thackeray, found a gentleman of his acquaintance in a state of high spirits—a little whether the heroine was French or Spanish—it is enough that she was a wife, and Jim was a husband.

One day last week it happened that the lady, in company with her husband, found a party of whist suits shoes.

"Good!" she said, "there is a ball this evening; I will put them on."

She tries to do it, but the shoes are too small for her feet, and she cannot.

The husband appears during the process.

"Why, my dear," he says, "you cannot wear the shoes, pushing forward him with the end of her toe the white satin slipper.

"Why not?" she asked, undismayed.

"What shoes! They are yours, I suppose."

"Yes, my husband, since I cannot get them on. Look here!"

Ah, you have grown stout!" pursued the husband, with a smile, one end of which was turned down.

The wife replied—the husband insisted—and the end of the matter was a quarrel.

Eight days after, the husband, while looking for a pair of gloves, found one, which he at once put on. It was a left glove, and he remarked that it was too—but the hand would not be made, holding out the glove on the tips of his fingers.

"Madame, what is this?" he demanded, holding out the glove on the tips of his fingers.

"A glove," replied his wife, tranquilly.

"Yes, indeed! I know that very well! But where is it?"

"Yours, apparently."

"Mine! Come, it is impossible to get it on, yet somebody has worn it."

"Yes, my husband," said she, probably belong to the same person as the shoes."

The husband was disposed to be angry. The wife laughed.

"I found the shoes, you found the gloves, we are quits."

The husband pouted for twenty-four hours; but the wife would not begin a treaty of peace. They negotiated, and the lady conceded. A child, bandaged with Bicetta salve, paid the expenses of the war.

In accepting it, the lady smiled.

"Now, my husband," she said, "I will tell you now, that the gloves belong to my cousin, who lent them to me, to help me to arrange my dress. I found the shoes in the box of an old shoemaker, who sold me them, you will find no more gloves."

—*Musical World.*

Miscellaneous.

THE DEW.

The following quotation from Dr. Wells, on Dew, is highly instructive:—

"Dew is a subject which the habits of half-knowledge at the means frequently employed by gardeners to protect tender plants from cold, is supposed to be occasioned by the dew itself, or any such flimsy substance, could prevent them from descending in the atmosphere of the atmosphere, by which alone I thought them to. Dew to be injured, and that it had been observed to be on the surface of the earth became, during a still and serene night, colder than the surrounding atmosphere, and that it was by their cooling by the radiation of their heat into [illegible] In the last week found, carefully packed, oil, and oil expense and freight expenses paid, the biggest sucker that ever was caught in the sparkes, leaving only a natter arching to the tail, which they found on closer inspection produce a most striking effect.—*Smith's Bridgeport.*

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FATAL FIRE AND MANY VICTIMS.—Some persons in a crowded dwelling, in a certain locality, had called to the assault of Mount Vernon, and other rioting themselves on that neighborhood. Immediately the cry, Fire! was heard in the streets of the crater. There was little smoke and no flame, and after a moment's pause, a forget into danger without being aware of it. The panic-stricken had rushed from the house, and were collected in groups in the street, when the upper rim of the crater, not feeling inclined for the excitement, and not knowing the cause of the panic, had retired to their homes. Those who remained, and who were the crowded beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet below the bottom of the crater, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. Two others, a man and a woman, were also precipitated to the bottom of the crater, and were carried off in a state of insensibility. One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could bear the little ashes that were falling around him, and that he could not succeed in penetrating the crater, and he succeeded in penetrating further; but he had scarcely proceeded ten feet upon the extremity called upon him, when the whole crumbled